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FEBRUARY 4, 1947

TREASURE CHEST





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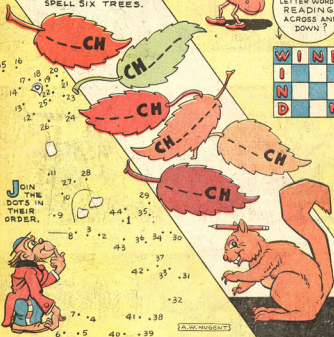
EARL SQUIRREL CHALLENGES YOU TO PRINT ONE LETTER OVER EACH DASH SO THAT THE COMBINED LETTERS WILL SPELL SIX TREES.

TRY TO NAME TWO VEGETABLES THAT WILL EACH CONTAIN THE NAME OF A VESSEL FOR HOLDING FOOD.

CAN YOU FILL IN THE EMPTY BOXES SO THAT THE COMBINED LETTERS WILL SPELL -

THE SAME FOUR LETTER WORDS READING ACROSS AND DOWN?

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ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE PUZZLES WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST.

TREASURE CHEST of FUN and FACTS, Vol. 1, No. 12. Published every two weeks during the school year, except during the holidays, by Geo. A. Pfau, Publisher, Inc., 124 East Third St., Dayton, 2, Ohio. Entered as second-class matter March 7, 1946 at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single subscription: \$1.60 per year, \$3.00 in Canada. Subscription rates on quantity orders supplied on request. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright, 1947, by Geo. A. Pfau, Publisher, Inc. Also publisher of the YOUNG CATHOLIC MESSENGER, the JUNIOR CATHOLIC MESSENGER and OUR LITTLE MESSENGER.

Young Abe Lincoln

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO CALL THE BOY, TOM?

HIS MOTHER WANTS HIM CALLED ABRAHAM AFTER HIS GRANDFATHER.

NOW, YOU STAY IN FRONT OF THE CABIN, CHILDREN OR BEARS MIGHT GET YOU. SARAH, YOU WATCH ABE!

I WILL, MOTHER



ABE LINCOLN'S LONG JOURNEY TO THE WHITE HOUSE BEGAN IN A POOR CABIN NEAR HODGENVILLE, KENTUCKY, ON FEB. 12, 1809.

CHILDREN, I WANT YOU TO STUDY HARD AND GET THE LEARNING YOUR FATHER AND I MISSED.



ALTHOUGH ABE AND SARAH ATTENDED SCHOOL BRIEFLY, HIS MOTHER WAS HIS BEST TEACHER.

WHY ARE WE GOING, FATHER?

THERE'S GOOD BLACK SOIL IN INDIANA, SON. YOU'LL SEE.



IN 1817, AFTER MUCH PLANNING, THE FAMILY MOVED TO PIGEON CREEK, INDIANA.

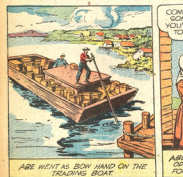
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WHEN WINTER COMES, FATHER?

PILE MORE WOOD ON THE FIRE, I RECKON.



LATER, THE LINCOLNS BUILT A REAL CABIN, AND SLOWLY THE LINCOLN FARM GREW IN THE WILDERNESS. THEN...

THE LINCOLNS SPENT THEIR FIRST WINTER AT PIGEON CREEK IN A LEAN-TO SHELTER.



TOM LINCOLN
DECIDED
TO MOVE ON.

IT SEEMS STRANGE
TO BE LEAVING
INDIANA.

WE'LL MISS
YOUR MOTHER'S
AND SISTER'S
GRAVES ABE, AND
OUR OLD HOME.
BUT WE CAN
GET ALONG
WITHOUT THE
FEVER THAT
WAS KILLING
CATTLE AND FOLKS.

I'VE JUST
THESE FEW
NEEDLES
LEFT, MA'AM.

BLESS ME!
YOU'RE THE
TALLEST MAN
I'VE EVER
SEEN.

WHEN THE
LINCOLN
FAMILY FINALLY
CAME TO ITS
DESTINATION
IN MACON
COUNTY,
ILLINOIS,
ABE, LIKE A
GOOD SON,
HELPED
HIS
PARENTS
TO GET
SETTLED.
AND THEN...

ON THE WAY TO ILLINOIS,
ABE SUCCESSFULLY PED-
DLED KNIVES, NEEDLES,
AND THREAD.

I DON'T
BLAME YOU
FOR WANT-
ING TO GO,
ABE. WE'LL
GET ALONG.

THIS WILL
ALWAYS
BE YOUR
HOME,
ABE.

THANKS,
YOU'VE
BEEN
MIGHTY
GOOD
TO ME!

FOLKS THINK OF THIS ONLY AS
THE SANGAMON RIVER, BUT
IF I COULD CUT OUT SOME
OF THESE CURVES, WE
COULD FLOAT GOODS
RIGHT OUT INTO THE
ATLANTIC FROM HERE.

YOU SURE USE
YOUR HEAD
FOR THINKING,
ABE.

YOUNG ABE DECIDED
TO STRIKE OUT FOR
HIMSELF.

ABE SHIFTED FOR
HIMSELF HUNTED,
FISHED, AND DID MUCH
THINKING.

AND BOYS, I SAY,
"SANGAMON RIVER
TO THE SEA!"

MURRAH FOR ABE!
THAT'S TALKING!

I WONDER WHERE
HE LEARNED TO
TALK LIKE THAT.

AFTER LISTENING TO
A POLITICIAN ONE
DAY, ABE CLIMBED ON TO
A STUMP AND MADE
HIS FIRST PUBLIC
SPEECH.

THEN, WITH TWO LEAPS, THE LONG-LEGGED BOY CAUGHT UP WITH THE JACK-RABBIT, KICKED IT ASIDE, AND SAID "OUT OF MY WAY AND LET SOMEONE RUN WHO KNOWS HOW!"

ABE, YOU'RE KILLING ME!

WHAT'S ABE'S PLAN TO GET OFF?

HE'S SHIFTING THE LOAD TO THE FRONT. THEN HE'S GOING TO DRILL HOLES IN THE BACK, LET THE WATER OUT, AND OVER SHE GOES. HE'S A SMART ONE.

ABE LINCOLN BECAME KNOWN AS A STORY-TELLER, TOO. PEOPLE GATHERED FROM FAR AND NEAR TO HEAR HIM TALK.

1831, ABE WAS HIRED TO TAKE A LOAD OF PRODUCE TO NEW ORLEANS. THE VOYAGE HAD BARELY BEGUN WHEN THE BOAT GOT CAUGHT ON THE DAM AT NEW SALEM.

WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS EXCELLENT SPECIMEN?

SOLD LIKE CATTLE! IF I EVER GET THE CHANCE, I'LL HIT THIS THING HARD!

YOU SELL ME 25¢ WORTH OF CIDER AND GIVE ME \$25 WORTH OF JOKES FREE!

ABE'S SCHEME WORKED AND THE BOAT WENT ON TO NEW ORLEANS. THERE HE SAW SLAVERY AT ITS WORST.

ON HIS RETURN, ABE SETTLED AT NEW SALEM, THRIVING FRONTIER TOWN. HIS FIRST JOB WAS STORE-KEEPING.

SEE THESE MUSCLES? BIGGEST IN SANGANON COUNTY. I'M GOING TO PIN YOUR NEW CLERK'S EARS BACK!

BETTER BE CAREFUL, JACK ARMSTRONG! YOUNG LINCOLN'S A MIGHTY TOUGH CUSTOMER!

JACK WILL KILL HIM.

I'LL STRING ALONG WITH ABE.

THE BOYS FROM CLARY'S GROVE, A GANG OF ROUGH NECKS, PAID NEW SALEM A VISIT.

ALTHOUGH ABE LOVED TO WRESTLE AND JUMP HE DIDN'T CARE FOR THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE FIGHTS OF THE FRONTIER. BUT HE FELT THIS FIGHT MUST BE WON!

THE FIGHT WAS LONG AND ROUGH. ARMSTRONG TRIED TO FOUL ABE WHEN HE REALIZED HE COULD NOT WIN.

WILL YOU WRESTLE FAIRLY?

HE'S KILLING JACK!

LET GO! YES!

YOU'RE A MIGHTY STRONG MAN, YOURSELF, JACK. MIGHTY STRONG!

DO YOU GIVE UP?

YOU WIN! LET ME UP!

ABE PROCEEDED TO PIN ARMSTRONG'S SHOULDERS TO THE GROUND.

YOU LICKED ME FAIRLY, ABE. YOU'RE THE BETTER MAN!

THE CROWD RECOGNIZED A NEW LEADER. EVEN ARMSTRONG BECAME HIS ADMIRER.

SCHOOLMASTER GRAHAM, IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOUNG LINCOLN IS A MAN OF PARTS.

NOT EXACTLY HANDSOME, NEIGHBOR GREEN, BUT AN ABLE FELLOW. I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN'T SUPPLY SOME OF HIS EDUCATIONAL DEFICIENCIES.

NEW SALEM'S LEADING CITIZENS BEGAN TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN YOUNG ABE.

WHAT DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO STUDY? I'M THINKING OF ENTERING POLITICS.

FIRST OF ALL, LEARN TO SPEAK CORRECTLY.

SCHOOLMASTER GRAHAM PAID A CALL ON ABE AND FOUND THE YOUNG MAN MORE THAN EAGER TO LEARN.

YOUNG LINCOLN SPENT ALL HIS SPARE TIME READING AND STUDYING.

JUST AS LINCOLN ANNOUNCED HIS CANDIDACY FOR THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE, THE SAC AND FOX INDIANS, UNDER CHIEF BLACK HAWK, TOOK THE WARPATH AGAINST THE SETTLERS.



MEN, YOUR VOTE IS OVERWHELMINGLY IN FAVOR OF ABE LINCOLN AS CAPTAIN.

AW SHUCKS!



THE GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS CALLED OUT THE MILITIA, WHICH ELECTED ITS OWN LOCAL OFFICERS.

CAP'S STUCK! HOW'S IS HE GOING TO GET US PAST THE FENCE?

HE'LL GET US ACROSS. NEVER FEAR!



FALL OUT, MEN, AND IN TWO MINUTES REASSEMBLE ON THE OTHER SIDE.



LINCOLN DIDN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MILITARY MATTERS. ONCE, MARCHING HIS MEN TWENTY AHEAD, THEY CAME TO A FENCE.

FOR A BEGINNER ABE DID WELL IN THE ELECTION. HE RAN THIRD WITH EIGHT CANDIDATES. NEW SALEM GAVE HIM 277 OUT OF 300 VOTES CAST. HE'LL TRY AGAIN, I HOPE!



THE BRIEF WAR OVER, LINCOLN RESUMED HIS CAMPAIGN FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

WHEN WE SELL ALL THIS, WE'LL BE RICH, ABE.

BUT IF WE DON'T WE'LL BE POWERFULLY BUSTED, BILL.



1832 - LINCOLN AND WILLIAM BERRY BOUGHT OUT A GROCERY STORE AND A LOT OF STOCK ON CREDIT.



BERRY WASN'T MUCH OF A WORKER, AND ABE PREFERRED READING TO ANYTHING ELSE.

LAND'S SAKE! MR. LINCOLN, WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT THIS TIME OF NIGHT? IT'S THREE MILES FROM NEW SALEM!

MADAM, AFTER YOU LEFT I DISCOVERED I HAD OVERCHARGED YOU SIX AND A HALF CENTS. HERE IT IS!

I HEAR YOU'RE STUDYING TO BE A LAWYER, ABE.

LAW'S ALMOST AS HARD AS LICKING YOU, JACK, BUT I'M GOING TO LEARN IT.

JUST THE SAME, ABE LINCOLN WON A REPUTATION FOR HONESTY THROUGHOUT SANGAMON COUNTY.

ONE DAY, ABE FOUND A SET OF LAW BOOKS IN SOME GOODS HE HAD PURCHASED.

YOU OWE A LOT OF MONEY, MR. LINCOLN. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? MY CLIENTS WANT TO BE PAID.

GIVE ME TIME, AND I'LL PAY EVERY CENT.

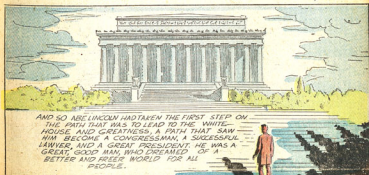
THANKS, BOYS! THIS TIME WE MADE IT!

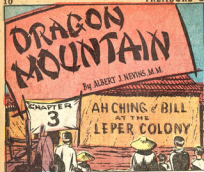
THREE CHEERS FOR ABE LINCOLN OF SANGAMON COUNTY!

THEN CAME TROUBLE. ABE'S PARTNER DIED, AND THE BUSINESS HAD TO BE SOLD.

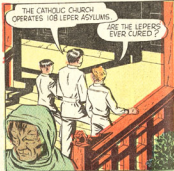
FOR A WHILE LINCOLN WAS A SURVEYOR, AND HE STARTED TO PAY HIS DEBTS, LITTLE BY LITTLE. THEN, IN 1834, HE WAS ELECTED TO HIS FIRST PUBLIC OFFICE AS A MEMBER OF THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

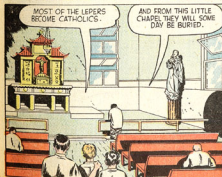
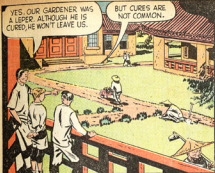
AND SO ABE LINCOLN HAD TAKEN THE FIRST STEP ON THE PATH THAT WAS TO LEAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE AND GREATNESS, A PATH THAT SAW HIM BECOME A CONGRESSMAN, A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER, AND A GREAT PRESIDENT. HE WAS A GREAT, GOOD MAN, WHO DREAMED OF A BETTER AND FREER WORLD FOR ALL PEOPLE.





HAVING AVOIDED THE RED ARMY, AH CHING AND BILL, WITH MONEY SENT BY FATHER MA, REACHED THE LEPER COLONY.





ONCE THIS PLACE WAS
EMPTY FIELDS.

THEN FATHER
MA CAME.



WHO SUPPORTS
ALL THIS?

FATHER MA GETS
THE MONEY FROM
FRIENDS IN AMERICA.



WE HAD BETTER
BE LEAVING.

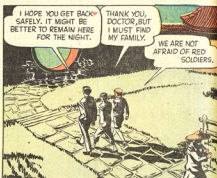
YES, WE MUST MEET
FATHER MA AT
THREE RIVER BRIDGE.



I HOPE YOU GET BACK
SAFELY. IT MIGHT BE
BETTER TO REMAIN HERE
FOR THE NIGHT.

THANK YOU,
DOCTOR, BUT
I MUST FIND
MY FAMILY.

WE ARE NOT
AFRAID OF RED
SOLDIERS.

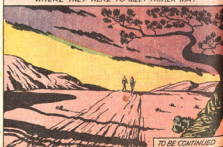


GOODBY, BILL!
COME AGAIN.

I WILL.
THANK YOU, SIR,
FOR SHOWING US
THE COLONY.



IN THE GATHERING TWILIGHT, AH CHING AND BILL BEGAN
THE DANGEROUS JOURNEY TO THREE RIVER BRIDGE,
WHERE THEY WERE TO MEET FATHER MA.



TO BE CONTINUED

St. Valentine's Legend

THOUSANDS OF VALENTINES ARE RECEIVED EACH FEBRUARY 14.
VOLLEY MOORE HIGGINS

"I'LL TOSS THEM INTO THE RIVER TIBER."

"WHEN I AM KING YOU SHALL HAVE FURTHER REWARD, MY MAN."

IN PAGAN DAYS, A WICKED MAN CONSPIRED AGAINST HIS TWIN NEPHEWS, ROMULUS AND REMUS.



ESCAPING, THEY WERE CARED FOR BY A MOTHER-WOLF IN A CAVE NEAR THE PALATINE HILL.



"I'LL REAR THEM AS MY OWN."

A SHEPHERD BEFRIENDED THE CHILDREN. IT IS SAID ROMULUS, GROWN TO MANHOOD, FOUNDED ROME.



"THIS FEAST IS FOR THE YOUNG!"

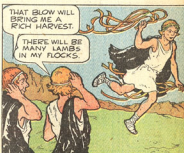
"AND WE WORSHIP THE WOLF-GOD."

THE CAVE BECAME AN OBJECT OF PAGAN VENERATION. THE LUPERCALIA, FEAST OF THE WOLF-GOD LUPERCUS, OCCURRED EACH FEBRUARY 15.



"I'LL BIND THESE INTO BUNDLES."

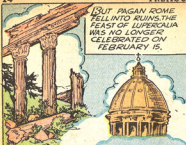
TWO YOUNG PAGAN PRIESTS, CALLED LUPERCUS, SACRIFICED GOATS AND A DOG, THEN CUT THE SKINS INTO LONG STRIPS.



"THAT BLOW WILL BRING ME A RICH HARVEST."

"THERE WILL BE MANY LAMBS IN MY FLOCKS."

THE LUPERCUS RAN ABOUT STRIKING AT THE SPECTATORS. PEOPLE CROWDED TO CATCH THE BLOWS, BELIEVED OMENS OF GOOD FORTUNE.



BUT PAGAN ROME
FELL INTO RUINS. THE
FEAST OF LUPERCALIA
WAS NO LONGER
CELEBRATED ON
FEBRUARY 15.

IN LATER DAYS IN CHRISTIAN ROME, A
NEW FESTIVAL WAS INSTITUTED IN HONOR
OF ST. VALENTINE AND HELD ON
FEBRUARY 14.



IT MAY BE YEARS
BEFORE I RETURN.

WAR IS
THE
CRUEL
KNIFE
THAT PARTS
US!

ROME WAS CONSTANTLY
ENGAGED IN DISTANT WARS, AND EMPEROR
CLAUDIUS ORDERED ALL ABLE-BODIED
MEN INTO THE ARMY.



GO FORTH, MY
CHILDREN, AND
MAY GOD
BLESS YOUR
UNION.

BUT VALENTINE CONTINUED TO SERVE
HIS GOD BY ADMINISTERING THE
SACRAMENTS AS USUAL.



HE IS BELOVED BY
RICH AND POOR ALIKE.

OLD AND YOUNG
VENERATE HIM.

OF SEVERAL SAINTS
NAMED VALENTINE, PERHAPS BEST
KNOWN WAS A PRIEST OF ROME, IN THE
REIGN OF CLAUDIUS II, THE CRUEL.



THERE SHALL BE NO
MORE MARRIAGES
OR BETROTHALS.
SO SAYS OUR
EMPEROR.

THE EMPEROR, ANGRY AT HIS SOLDIER'S
FOR THINKING OF THEIR FAMILIES, ISSUED
A DECREE.



SPARE HIM! HE
IS BELOVED BY
ALL!

HIS MANY
FRIENDS
WILL RESENT
HIS
PUNISHMENT.

THE EMPEROR
LEARNED OF VALENTINE'S DISOBEDIENCE.
ANGRY, HE SUMMONED HIS COUNCILORS.



ANOTHER WEDDING!
THOU WILT PAY FOR
THIS! COME! THE
DUNGEON AWAITS
THEE!

BUT THE EMPEROR WOULD NOT LISTEN TO
ADVICE, AND VALENTINE WAS SEIZED AT THE
ALTAR.



INTO THY HANDS, OH LORD.
I COMMEND MY SPIRIT!

VALENTINE CLUNG TO HIS FAITH THROUGH
IMPRISONMENT AND TORTURE. HE DIED
FEBRUARY 14, 270 A.D. MUCH LATER, HIS
NAME WAS ASSOCIATED WITH THE FES-
TIVAL HELD ON THAT DAY.



ALMOST THERE! SEE,
YONDER IS THE FIRST
CHURCH.

'TIS THE CHURCH OF
ST. VALENTINE!

THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, MANY
PILGRIMS CAME TO ROME FROM THE
NORTH, AND PAUSED OUTSIDE THE GATES.



THIS SILVER PLATE
IS MY VOTIVE OFFER-
ING TO ST. VALENTINE.

AND THIS
GOLDEN HEART
IS MY GIFT.

RETURNING HOME, THEY STOPPED AT THE
CHURCH OF ST. VALENTINE FOR A LAST
LOOK AT ROME.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY
WAS LONG CELE-
BRATED WITH FINE
GIFTS, ACCOMPANIED
BY VERSES. LATER,
ONLY VERSES WERE
EXCHANGED.



TODAY, SOME OF
THE FINEST VALEN-
TINES ARE
MADE IN SCHOOL
AND AT HOME.
THUS, THE NAME
OF ST. VALENTINE
IS KEPT BRIGHT
FOR US.

CHUCK WHITE

PART
18

WITH THE COMMISSION EARNED FROM HIS FIRST CAR SALE, CHUCK HAD BOUGHT PRESENTS FOR HIS FATHER AND MRS. BLAKE.



OH, HELLO, CHUCK.

HELLO. JOE PHONED AND ASKED ME TO COME OVER.



HE'S IN THE LIVING ROOM. COME IN.

THANKS.



WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR NEW BUSINESS MAN! HOW ARE YOU, CHUCK?

FINE, THANK YOU, MR. KELLY.



FIRST THING YOU KNOW, WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER HENRY FORD ON OUR HANDS.

OH, I HAVEN'T BEEN DOING SO MUCH.



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, JOE?

TAKE OFF YOUR THINGS AND I'LL TELL YOU.



HERE, READ THIS, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK.

WHAT IS IT?

















JIMMY! DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD TRY TO TALK TO GOD'S MOTHER?

SHE'S OUR MOTHER, TOO. HELLO? IS THIS THE MOTHER OF GOD? THIS IS CHARLIE LENTZ. I HOPE YOU WOULDN'T MIND MY CALLING YOU ON THE PHONE. I KNOW YOU'RE AWFULLY BUSY.



THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT, THE CHILD JESUS WAS JUST A LITTLE BOY ONCE. DID YOU LIFT HIM UP, SOMETIMES, AND HOLD HIM ON YOUR LAP? DID YOU SING TO HIM, THE WAY MOTHER DOES TO ME? DID HE EVER CRY?



HE DID?



DID HE EVER FLY KITES OR PLAY MARBLES? DO YOU THINK HE'D MIND IF I TOLD HIM THINGS I DO? YOU SEE, I DON'T HAVE ANY BROTHERS OR SISTERS AND I'M PRETTY LONESOME SOMETIMES. DO THE ANGELS' WINGS MAKE A NOISE WHEN THEY FLY? CAN THE CHILD JESUS HEAR ME WHEN I JUST WHISPER TO HIM?



THANK YOU, BLESSED MOTHER. GOOD-BY.



WHAT DID SHE SAY, CHARLIE?

SHE SAID FOR ME TO WHISPER TO THE CHILD JESUS ANY TIME I WANTED AND TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING. THAT HE WANTED TO HEAR THOSE THINGS, AND HE WOULD HEAR THEM NO MATTER HOW LOW I TALKED. AND SHE SAID SHE DID HOLD HIM ON HER LAP AND SING TO HIM...



YOU SEE, HE WAS A LITTLE BOY JUST LIKE YOU OR ME, AFTER ALL!





MYSTERY OF THE OLD FARM



What Has Gone Before:

Danny Howard and his dog Toby live on a Midwest farm. Great-grandfather Howard had once owned the farm, but, because he had met death accidentally, the hiding place of his wealth had through the years remained a secret. Now, Danny's mother and father are in Indianapolis, arranging for a loan to save the farm, and Uncle Will, who lives with the Howards, has just left on his regular Friday-night trip to town. Danny has summoned Tod Worth, Fat Gorman and Mike Fields, members of the PC (Prevention of Crime) Club, to help solve the mystery. While Danny is telling them of strange night noises he has heard, the boys hear footsteps in the hall, but can find no one.

Part II

Their hearts pounding, the four boys stood still, and stared the length of the long, empty hallway. Doors opened off it here and there, and a stairway climbed upward into the shadows over their heads, but the doors were closed and nothing moved on the stairs.

Again, came a lull in the storm. The boys strained their ears to catch a repetition of the footsteps they had heard only a few moments before. There was nothing but uneasy silence.

"I don't think . . ." Tod began, when Mike gripped him by the arm.

"Shhhhhh!"

Faintly at first, and then more loudly, came a dull tapping sound.

"That's the noise I told you about!" Danny said, his face white in the dim light.

"Let's try to locate it!" Tod directed.

Keeping together, they moved cautiously down the hallway. They paused outside each door, listening intently. The sound did not seem to be coming from any particular room.

Thunder shook the house and the boys jumped. Fat looked at Tod and his eyes were not happy. "We'll n-n-never hear it with all those fireworks outside," he said.

Tod led the way back into the sitting room and closed the door. His face was serious. "I don't like the looks of this," he said. "We all heard those footsteps and the tapping, so we can't blame our imaginations."

"Someone else, or some thing, must be in the house with us!" Mike whispered.

"What do you mean, some thing?" Fat asked.

Mike swallowed. "Ghosts are supposed to make noises like that," he answered.

Fat's mouth dropped open. "We never tried to chase g-g-ghosts, before," he said. "Don't know as I want to begin now!"

Tod started across the room.

"What are you going to do?" Danny asked, as Tod stopped in front of an old-fashioned wall telephone.

"I'm going to call Joe Sullivan," and Tod reached for the receiver. "I don't think we ought to go on with this thing by ourselves."

"Who's Joe Sullivan?" Danny asked.

"Joe works on a Richmond newspaper," Tod answered. "He's helped us out before. I'm going to ask him to come out here."

Tod turned the little handle, took down the receiver, and listened. He repeated the performance and waited again.

"What's the matter?" Fat asked.

Tod replaced the receiver slowly. "The tele-

phone's dead," he said. "We can't call out!"

"Do you suppose somebody cut the line?" Mike asked.

"Either that," Tod answered, "or the storm knocked it out."

"Whatever happened," Fat said, scared, "I'm n-n-not in f-f-favor of it. We might as well be on a desert island for all the good that telephone will do us!"

Nobody said anything. Danny shivered slightly. Then he crossed the room and threw two husky logs into the glowing embers. A small flame licked the logs and made Dan feel better.

"Where's Toby?" Mike asked suddenly. Danny and the others looked around. The little dog was not in the room.

"He was with us in the hall a little while ago," Tod said positively. "He was sniffing around and sort of whimpering."

Danny went quickly to the hall door and opened it. He whistled, but Toby did not respond. "Toby! Toby! Here, Toby!" There was no sign of the little dog.

"What could have happened to him?" Mike asked helplessly. No one could answer.

At that moment the electric lights went out. Immediately, came a crash of thunder that shook the house. The darkness and silence that followed was so thick they could almost taste it.

"I'm beginning to hate this more and m-more!" Fat said dismally. Suddenly he jumped. "Help!"

"What's the matter with you?" Tod snapped. "S-s-somebody's got hold of my arm!"

"That's I," Tod said. "Who did you think it was?"

"I didn't know," Fat answered. "Let's go! You m-m-make me n-nervous!"

"Any flashlights?" Tod asked.

"In the living-room," Danny's voice came through the darkness.

"Let's get them," Tod directed. "We can't go feeling around in the dark."

They felt much better in the living-room. The fire cast a little light and Danny quickly located two flashlights in a lower drawer of the desk. He kept one and handed the other to Mike.

"So," Fat said, "we g-got lights, but what do

we do with them?"

"I'm going to find Toby," Danny said. "If anything's happened to him I... I...."

"Toby might have followed whomever we heard in the hall," Tod suggested.

"Suppose it was a ghost!" Fat said.

"There's no such thing!" Tod said, witheringly.

"Yeah" Fat answered. "I'm not so sure after what's going on here tonight. I w-w-wouldn't be a bit surprised to come onto the whole convention of them sitting around on the ceiling somewhere!"

Danny led the way back toward the hall once more, with Fat unwillingly bringing up the tail-end of the procession.

"Where'll we look first?" Mike asked. His voice quavered just a bit and he cleared his throat quickly to cover it.

"None of these doors was open when we first came out here into the hall," Tod said thoughtfully, "and none of them is open now. That means Toby must have gone upstairs."

Silently, cautiously, the four boys filed up the curving stairway, Danny's light showing the way. At the top they paused, and Danny whistled and called again. There was no answer.

Starting with the front of the house, Danny led the way through one room after another. Still no Toby.

"He couldn't have disappeared!" Fat said. Then another thought struck him. "Or could he?"

"He's in the house," Tod answered. "He has to be."

Mike suddenly held up his hand for silence. They became aware of a faint, muffled barking.

"That's Toby!" Fat said.

"What do you suppose we thought it was?" Tod snapped. "A cement mixer?"

"You don't have to get peeved," Fat answered.

They went back to the upstairs hallway and listened. The barking seemed to be coming from over their heads.

"Is there a third floor to this house?" Tod asked.

"Yes," Danny answered.

"What's up there?"

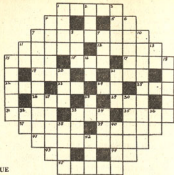
"An attic we use for a storeroom and a li-

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

DOWN

1. Old Testament lawgiver
2. Opposite of from
3. Old English (Abbr.)
4. Christ's declaration of blessedness
5. Punishment imposed through our First Parents
6. Hundred-eyed son of Zeus (Greek Mythology)
7. Welcome is written on
8. Famous Church organist
9. "Honor"
10. Fowl
11. Kind of tree
12. Nothing
13. Of
14. Four (Roman Numerals)
15. Artist
16. Poetic form of evening
17. Organ of hearing
18. What our teeth sometimes do
19. Portion of a curved line
20. Gentle
21. Resident of our largest State
22. Top of a wave
23. Beggar
24. Accomplish
25. Steamship (Abbr.)
26. What Commandment tells us we must be pure in thought and desire?
27. Trench around a castle
28. Snow glider
29. Tact to the taste
30. Tantalize
31. Rites
32. Where the star stood still
33. Biblical word for year
34. Our color after sun bathing
35. The Bread of Life
36. District Ashmole (Abbr.)
37. South Carolina (Abbr.)
38. Miraculous food — Exodus XVI
39. Farm animal
40. Completed
41. Another spelling for hock
42. Halt!
43. Annoyed
44. Conjunction indicating alternative
45. "Be he it" (Plural)
46. Court (Abbr.)
47. Connective
48. Corpus Christi College (Abbr.)
49. Lieutenant (Abbr.)
50. At another time
51. What makes things us
52. Honor



ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

brary."

"A library?" Mike repeated.

"My great-grandfather used it," Danny said. "He put it up here so that nobody would bother him when he wanted to read."

"Well, let's go up there," Tod said.

Danny hesitated, then started down the hall. The others followed. Almost at the end of it they came to a door slightly ajar.

"This door's always closed," Danny said.

"Toby had to get through it some way," Tod answered.

Danny pulled the door open all the way and flashed his light up an abrupt, uncarpeted flight of steps. Toby's bark could be heard more plainly now.

They climbed the steps slowly, Danny in the lead, his flash swinging from side to side in order to show the way.

The library was at one end of the attic. Danny pushed open the door and the boys entered. The square room was lined on all sides, from floor to ceiling, with shelves of books. In front of one of the walls stood Toby, barking furiously.

Danny glanced around uneasily. "I've been in here only a few times in my life," he said. "Nobody ever comes in here. Dad keeps it locked up because he thinks some of these

books are valuable."

Tod took the flashlight from Dan and directed it onto the floor. "Somebody's been in here," he said, "and not very long ago, either."

The boys looked down. Clearly evident in the dust of the floor, was a line of footprints, damp and much larger than their own.

Tod followed the prints with his light. They stopped in the center of the wall, where Toby was barking!

"Whoever made those prints must have w-w-walked right through the wall!" Fat volunteered. "Only, there's n-no opening!"

All was quiet. Faintly, they heard again the mysterious tapping. The wind came up with its hollow moan, dismal and chilling. A nameless night-fear seized the boys, creeping slowly over them.

(To be continued)

ANSWER TO LAST ISSUE'S
PLAYTIME PAGE PROBLEM

SAW, SEAL, SHELL, SHIELD,
SHIP, SHOE, SHOELACE,
SIGN, SKIN, SMOKE, SNAIL,
SOLE, SPADE, SPIDER,
SPOOL, SQUIRREL, STACK,
STAR, STERN, STEM,
STRIPES, SOLDIER.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD
PUZZLE THAT APPEARED
IN THE LAST ISSUE



The ROBINSONS' RUMPUS ROOM

by Chester G. Marsh

THERE'S
GOING TO BE
SOMETHING DOING
IN THE
ROBINSONS'
RUMPUS ROOM.
IT'S A
VALENTINE
PARTY!

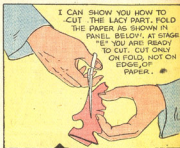


YOUR GRANDFATHER GAVE IT TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER, NEARLY 50 YEARS AGO.

WE COULD TRY TO MAKE SOME LIKE IT FOR FAVORS FOR THE PARTY.



I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO CUT THE LACY PART. FOLD THE PAPER AS SHOWN IN PANEL BELOW. AT STAGE "E" YOU ARE READY TO CUT. CUT ONLY ON FOLD, NOT ON EDGE OF PAPER.

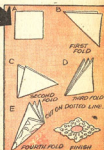


WHAT'S COOKING, MOM?

WE'RE MAKING FAVORS FOR YOUR VALENTINE PARTY. FOR THE CENTER, WE CAN CUT PICTURES FROM OLD GREETING CARDS AND MAGAZINES.

HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO CUT THE LACY PATTERN?

CUT TO SUIT YOUR FANCY. THE RESULT WILL BE A DESIGN - AND EACH PATTERN WILL BE INDIVIDUAL.





THAT'S SHARP!
BETTER THAN
WE COULD
BUY.



BOBBY, FIRST WILL
YOU MIX SOME FLOUR
PASTE FOR US? THEN
WE'LL PUT ALL THESE
PARTS TOGETHER.

I'LL MAKE THE
FLOUR PASTE,
MRS. ROBINSON.



LAST COUNT
WAS 18.

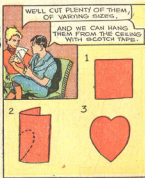


WHAT'S A VALENTINE PARTY
WITHOUT DECORATIONS?
WE'RE THE DECORATION
COMMITTED.



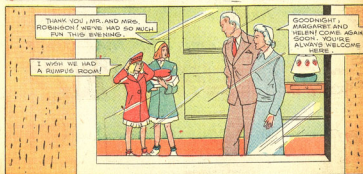
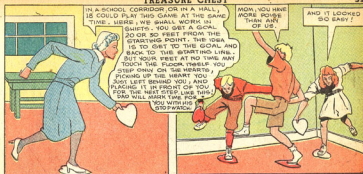
THERE'LL BE 18 OF US -
AND THERE ARE JUST NINE LETTERS
IN VALENTINE. LET'S MAKE TWO
SETS OF HEARTS, ONE RED AND
THE OTHER WHITE. EACH SET WILL
SPELL VALENTINE. WE'LL PASS THESE
TO THE GUESTS AT RANDOM, THE
RED HEARTS TO THE BOYS, THE
WHITE HEARTS TO THE GIRLS. MOM
AND DAD WILL BE REFRIGES AND,
AT A GIVEN SIGNAL, WE'LL SEE
WHICH SIDE CAN SPELL VALENTINE
FIRST. THEN THE TWO V'S WILL
BE PARTNERS, THE TWO A'S, THE
TWO I'S AND SO ON, FOR THE
NEXT GAME. MOM, SHOW US THE
GAME THAT YOU SUGGESTED.

WHAT GAME CAN
WE PLAY?

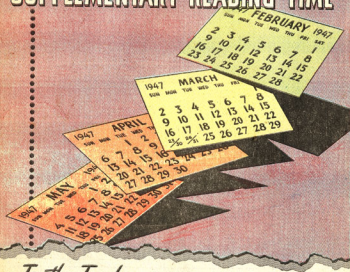


AND WE CAN HANG
THEM FROM THE CEILING
WITH SCOTCH TAPE.





Second Semester is
SUPPLEMENTARY READING TIME



To the Teacher:
Have you sent your Trial Order
for ***TREASURE CHEST?***

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